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Philadelphia, Monday, March 24, 1919

**MAKE ROOM FOR THE BOYS**  
**BECAUSE** Congress adjourned in a mood of spite and refused to act on pending appropriation bills, almost all of the offices of the Federal Employment Service in this territory are now being closed.

The employment service organized under the auspices of the state for the benefit of returning soldiers has yet to prove its efficiency.

In a general way, therefore, the situation involves a new obligation for business men with jobs to make or to offer. It is the duty of every man to interest himself personally in any soldier who happens to apply to him for a job. If he himself hasn't a place to offer, he should do his utmost and use his organization, if necessary, to learn whether there isn't a job waiting around the corner or in one of the establishments of his friends.

A great many men in this city have formed this habit already and have therefore manifested a consistent patriotism and a sense of duty.

**CENSORING MOVIE CENSORS**  
**IT WILL** not do to suppose that the state's moving-picture censors are constitutionally wrong-minded because they stumble occasionally and invite the sort of verbal mauling that Judge Rogers and Judge Wessel have just given them for interfering with a film that wasn't so bad as it might have been.

Any sort of censorship has disadvantages. There is always implied the right of a constituted authority to decide what the public may and may not think about.

Doctor Oberholzer and his squad have sometimes left themselves liable to the charge of prudery which appears between the lines of the court's impatient interrogations in the most recent movie hearing. But in a general way it must be admitted they have imposed a wholesome restraint on a few of the moving-picture producers who still try deliberately to give their pictures a tinge of prurience. While such methods prevail they furnish a strong argument for the supporters of censorship.

In the film recently banned the censors objected because of the rather free treatment of a theme that is as old as literature—that of an errand wife and a third person. Books that deal with this topic and grand operas in which the familiar human dignity is set to gorgeous music are not banned or censored. They thrive and multiply. This knowledge is a constant irritation to these film producers.

It is undeniable that the movies range next to the public schools in the importance of their influence upon youthful minds. And it is for this reason that moving-picture producers are under a peculiar obligation to the public. There is no reason why they should ever use a questionable action or a disagreeable theme because they have the advantage of a virgin field and all the nobler motives of accumulated literature for their material.

**LINKING UP THE AMERICAS**  
**IF MR. HURLEY'S** forecast of the establishment of an American line of large passenger and freight steamships between this country and the Latin republics is correct, it is a significant index that American commerce is at last taking a logical and long-neglected course.

Considering our assumption of political interests in the whole Western Hemisphere, our trade relations have been pitifully inadequate. Passenger travel has often been diverted into the most roundabout routes, many voyagers having found it more expeditious to reach Buenos Aires or Rio by way of some French or English port than by direct steamship from New York. Two ocean crossings for what should be in a sense merely a coasting trip constitute, of course, an absurdity.

On the Pacific side conditions are almost equally bad. The west coast passenger trade is controlled by a Peruvian, a Chilean and a British company. Since the United States and Brazil line went out of existence no regular American passenger service has been maintained in either the south Atlantic or south Pacific.

During the war, however, the freight service grew prodigiously. Mr. Hurley's plan includes the dispatch of passenger ships. They should greatly stimulate both tourist travel and trade, and on the western side should make obvious certain advantages of the Panama Canal, hitherto without practical realization.

There has long been an uncomfatable feeling in proclaiming the Monroe doctrine with regard to countries with which actual trade intercourse was

so slight. Exceptional opportunities for strengthening Pan American solidarity are at hand today. Vessels of the Latin American merchant marine should be seen in our northern ports. Brazil sends us her Lloyd-Brazilero ships today, but Peru and Chile are laggards. In exchange the Stars and Stripes would cease to be a rarity in Rio, "B. A." and "Valp."

Geographical neighbors can best work out their destiny if they maintain also strong commercial ties.

**A LIVELY FAITH IS THE VERY STUFF OF VICTORY**

The Advocates of Charter Revision at the Harrisburg Hearing Are Going to the Capital with Confidence

WHEN Marshal Foch was asked the other day how he succeeded in turning the German offensive into a defensive and then into a defeat the distinguished soldier said that victories are won by science, but also by faith. "When one has faith," he continued, "one does not retire." "I have but one merit," he went on, "that of never despairing."

General Gouraud's message to the Fourth French Army on the eve of the second battle of the Marne was inspired by the same idea. He wrote: "Nobody will look back. Nobody will turn back one step." There is here the determination to win, backed by faith in ultimate victory.

If these utterances had been directed to the hearts and minds of the men who are planning to go to Harrisburg tomorrow to urge the necessity of charter revision for this city upon the General Assembly they could not have been better phrased.

The charter will be revised, and it will be revised in the right way. Whatever may be the prospects now, there are men behind the plan who have the one merit of never despairing. They will not admit their defeat. They may meet setbacks, but they will persist in the course on which they have set out until they have reached the goal.

There are two forces that must be overcome. The first is the force of inertia, or the tendency of a great body to continue in the direction in which it is headed. It was the operation of this force which destroyed the Titanic. When the iceberg appeared in the path of the steamship the vessel was moving with such momentum that its direction could not be changed in time to avoid a collision.

But the direction in which a steamship is moving can be changed if you give it leeway enough and time enough. The most perfect steering gear yet invented is not powerful enough to overcome in an instant the force of inertia.

Philadelphia has been moving in a given direction for years. It is bigger than any steamship and the momentum which it has acquired is so great that it is unreasonable to expect its course to be changed overnight. We are accustomed to the present charter. The whole machinery of the city government is geared in accordance with its regulations. And it is in motion.

But it can be headed in a new direction when enough people decide that they want a change. If the attempt to send it on new paths had begun this winter for the first time, there would be little hope of accomplishing anything this year. But this is the culmination of a long period of discussion by men who have not despaired of better things.

The second obstacle in the way of betterment is the selfish interests of men who object to change because it will make it necessary for them to readjust themselves to new conditions. They are politicians with business-interests. Their political organization is based upon present ward divisions, and upon the councilmanic system under which the ward is the unit of representation. Change will make it necessary to rebuild the political organization on a new basis. And when business and politics are united change will force the men who are in politics for profit to establish new political connections in order to conserve their financial interests.

The efforts to remove this obstacle are met by secret and hidden forces which dare not come into the open. No man is so brazen as to oppose reform on the ground that it will compel him to rebuild his political machine.

So much for what we are fighting against.

The real thing that we are fighting for is a greater measure of home rule. We cannot get that degree of home rule which we should because the constitution will not permit it. But we can secure greater control over our own affairs. The adoption of the provision in the charter draft of the committee of citizens permitting the city to clean its own streets and collect its own ashes and garbage when it decides that it is not more prudent to permit contractors to do this work would be a distinct gain for home rule. It puts the whole matter up to the discretion of the responsible authorities. No valid reason can be urged against it.

The other changes proposed are for the purpose of making the city government more responsive to popular sentiment. The present Councils are not representative of the people. The members of Select Council are elected from wards and a majority of the members represent a minority of the population. A Council elected from constituencies of uniform population would be really representative. And a small Council of a single chamber would be a much more efficient body and more quickly responsive to the popular will than the present large and unwieldy legislative body.

We want to separate the police and firemen from politics so completely that they cannot be used as the tools of any man, whether he be a ward boss or the agent of a political organization holding office as the Commissioner of Public Safety.

We want a proper budget system and the abolition of the mandamus evil, which plays ducks and drakes with every budget that has yet been prepared.

We want an efficient Civil Service

Commission which will respect the spirit of the laws and refuse to permit itself to be used for rewarding political workers. And we want also to reduce the number of elective officers, to shorten the ballot and concentrate responsibility in the hands of men who can be easily reached when they betray their trust.

These are some of the objectives which we hope to gain in the drive that will begin tomorrow. We shall ultimately reach them, for the men behind the movement will not despair. Neither will they look back nor turn back one step.

**COMMOUFLAGE THAT MEANT SOMETHING**

*Overworked Word Is Really Descriptive of Some Wonderfully Ingenious Performances by Both Our Allies and the Foe*

IF EVER a word passed into sudden disrepute through excess of popularity it was "camouflage." A couple of years ago it not only described an imaginatively fascinating feature of modern warfare, but it exerted as a metaphor of well-nigh irresistible allurements. As a synonym for "bluff," "deception," "sham," the word was eagerly welcomed into the international vocabulary. The first stage joke about the tipsy man who "camouflaged" sobriety won roars of laughter. But in an incredibly short time anything in the world which involved delusion was exultantly described as "camouflage." Too exultantly, indeed, for the word soon became a pest, and once the reaction had set in it was the part of conscious conversational cleverness and artistic self-control to refrain from uttering it.

The case of Gelett Burgess's haunting and over-exploited little rhyme about the "Purple Cow" was bitterly cited. "I'll kill you if you quote it," thundered the too facile jingler. Persons priding themselves on "taste" indorsed the sentiment, and within the last year or so they entertained somewhat similar feelings regarding the "camouflage" conversationalist. Taboo smote this once handy new word.

UNFORTUNATELY, however, the ban against sous-sounding slang has resulted in considerable soft-pedaling of the whole camouflage theme, even in its legitimate aspect. It would be well to subdue this antipathy, for the real story of camouflage is still remarkable and warrants investigation and emphasis if the reckless jokesmiths are finally downed.

The wealth of existent fascination in the subject was indicated by Miss Genevieve Cowles the other day when she told the students of the School of Design about the wonderful performances of the women artists responsible for the swirling arabesques of color upon the hulls, masts, funnels and deckworks of American steamers plowing the war-zone waters. That all this was veritable camouflage not the most astetic speech purist need be loath to admit. But Miss Cowles's talk was confidential. The details of what those ingenious "camoufleurs" did are not yet publicly divulged.

Congress, however, self-confessedly delights in frankness, and just before Mr. Wilson clamped down the lid on "capitol offenses" Representative Alvan T. Fuller, of Massachusetts, summed up some of the achievements of the American Camouflage Corps that should stimulate lovers of the piquant and picturesque. Theoretically he vocally addressed his fellow legislators. As a matter of fact no tongue was given to his words, for they appear only in the solemn and bulky last number of the Sixty-fifth Congress, issued to March 15. Amid much that is ponderous, pretentious and dry, Mr. Fuller's account of his trip to Europe since the armistice is conspicuously diverting, and particularly his consideration of ingenious camouflaging, both Yankee and Hun.

THE importance of the role which scenic trickery played in the war is illustrated with figures that are truly astonishing. During the summer of 1918 alone the Camouflage Corps used more than four millions square yards of burlap, ten hundred thousand gallons of paint, ten hundred thousand seven hundred fish nets, fifty thousand pounds of wire and more than two million square yards of poultry netting.

Many of the uses to which resort was made were employed to deceive the German aviating photographers. Fish nets, for instance, when seen by a high-altitude camera lens cannot be distinguished from barbed wire, and the literal webs of stratagem were often most efficiently used to convince that enemy that long stretches of entanglements had been repaired. The photographs had been so paired and they thus played havoc with Hun artillery plans. On one occasion, however, the nets were erected so much more swiftly than any barbed wire could be that the enemy was undecieved. Despite the camera he knew that the alleged obstruction must be a fake barrier. This deficient sense of time values proved costly. "In camouflage work," writes Mr. Fuller, "one can't afford to be slipshod."

THE burlap scenery, painted with all the vivid art of a Hawes Craven or a Joseph Physioc, was a device the use of which the general public has been for some time aware. The "false contour" concealed gun position, ammunition dumps and the like, the burlap being stretched over a sort of trellis made of poultry netting and given the impression of a hill or rise of ground. Occasionally, it said, a bewildered cow fell through one of these bogus "pastures."

But one of the novelties of which the civilian has been less cognizant were the sham paths, supposedly marking the way to gun positions. These were made of the earth-colored matting, used in peace times as clothing by the women of Madagascar. As the American army called for ten thousand miles of these woven "dress goods" Mr. Fuller's tale that the dusky Hova ladies were hurried, sartorially speaking, back to a state of nature during the war is quite credible.

If the Teutons were puzzled by some of our delusions they by no means lacked retaliative skill. One of the cleverest feats narrated by the Congressman consisted in establishing a battery emplacement without a betraying path. The boogie who left no tracks used a couple of wooden biscuit box covers. He tied strings to them, stood on one cover, threw the other ahead of him, jumped on that and repeated the process until he reached his destination. No red Indian ever covered up his tracks more cleverly.

"CAMMOUFLAGE" resumes respectable verbal standing when the matter with which it ought to deal is treated. It will figure in many more good tales, and even the conversational esthete should refrain from snubbing the word in such environment.

**CO-EDS AT PENN**

SOMEWHERE within the editorial staff of the Daily Pennsylvanian, organ of the University's undergraduates, there nestles a potential humorist of limitless promise. It is impossible to imagine a cleverer imitation of the doddering standpatism that characterizes a vanishing school of American journalism than the somber reflections inspired on the Pennsylvanian's editorial page by the growth of the co-educational idea at Penn.

There are a thousand girl students at the University. To the Pennsylvanian this knowledge is "a staggering blow." The editor does not "dare to interpret" these recent changes. "He does everything but 'sneak with alarm.' All the ivied phrases that less humorous editors have brought down with them from the high and far-off times to impede progress are flouted to make co-eds seem somehow awful.

The Pennsylvanian sighs heavily, accepts the co-ed as an unwelcome dispensation and appears to wipe its hoary beard with palsied hand. This is in a time when general education is admittedly necessary to the safety of the world and when, even in China, they are ready to acknowledge that women are people.

It may be predicted that the next great American humorist is training on the Pennsylvanian. But he is a bit too subtle for college journalism.

**A WORLD SAFE FOR WALKERS?**

WITH the suggestion for public landing fields in League Island Park and the rapidly maturing plans of a great airplane manufacturer to demonstrate near Philadelphia the practicability of air transport of passengers and freight, the day of winged traffic is brought nearer, with a fine assortment of hopes and worries and concerns for everybody.

When children fly a new vehicle will have to be found for Santa Claus. Doubtless he will use the subways in future legends. Doors will be built in roofs. Milk will be delivered as easily as a nickel into a slot by an aviating milkman.

Nowadays, when a motor maniac makes a mistake he himself is usually the greatest sufferer. But the groundlings of the days to come will have a new cause for nervousness in the knowledge that four thousand pounds of wood and metal may come flopping down out of the air at any moment.

When statesmen and lawmakers cease to worry about the leag- of nations, they will have to devote long periods of mental strain to the work of formulating air laws and regulations to control a device that is filled with possibilities of good and evil. "Travel in the air," the aviation enthusiasts say, "will be safer before long than travel afoot." When you sit down and try to visualize the possible consequences of popular aviation it sometimes appears that that statement may be true in more ways than one.

**SUBSTITUTES FOR CHARITY**

VERY properly the committee that has set out to save the Society for Organizing Charity has suggested that the name of the institution be changed. The present designation is neither happy nor rightly descriptive.

Charity is the least important work of the organization, unless it be admitted that one does a great charity who eliminates the need of charity.

It is a common error to suppose that money or material help can always relieve the misfortunes which beset those who need the help of organized agencies. As a matter of fact, the general problem of relief in any city is complicated by accidents of ill health, deficient education, crime, family disagreements and human frailty. In any center of population there will always be a small percentage of people who for one reason or another are out of adjustment with the general scheme.

The agencies operating through the Society for Organizing Charity aim to relieve the unfortunate; but they aim, too, to eliminate the causes which make normal social readjustments difficult or impossible for many individuals and families.

To improve housing, to prove the need of living wages, to show the relation between poverty and illness and crime, to keep society aware of its duties to all its less fortunate members—these are among the chief concerns of the modern organized "charity."

The committee which is to seek a \$150,000 fund for the Philadelphia organization should be helped in every way. It is unthinkable that the work of the society should be threatened or hindered.

**A New Teddy?**

Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, who has just returned from France, made his debut in politics with a speech which New York observers say was exactly like the speeches his father used to make at the outset of his career. The New York Republicans are lucky if they have found a new T. R.

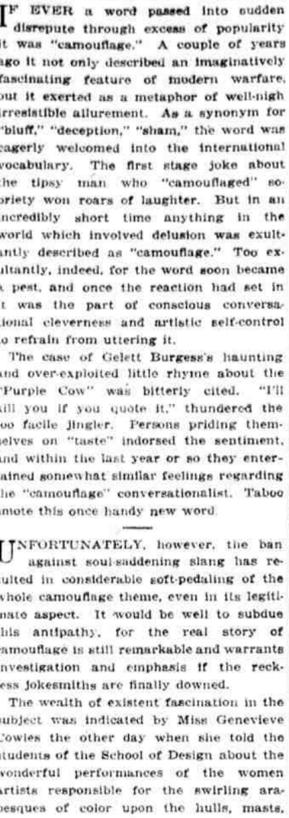
**Who Cares?**

Some of those statesmen who will have to eat their words before the next session of Congress ends will surely suffer grievously from indigestion later.

Governor Sproul will indeed win the thanks of a "grateful public" if he beats down the coal prices.

At the risk of scuttling New York's most cherished and venerable "witticism," Doctor Krusen maintains that sleeping sickness is nonexistent in this city.

**—! PLUMS DON'T GROW ON OLIVE BRANCHES!—**



**THE ELECTRIC CHAIR**

HORACE HOOK writes that spring has been neglected in our department. On the contrary, Horace, we've been celebrating it all winter long.

Horace sends us the following, the best spring poem we've seen this year:

1919 Springpome  
 Spring pussy-willow-footed in,  
 Crept slyly into winter's yard,  
 And dropped a crocus with a grin  
 Upon his lawn marked "Spring, Her Card."

—HORACE HOOK.

From the London Times:  
**Business Opportunities**  
 BELGIAN BATTLEFIELDS.—SALE. Immediate possession; all in excellent repair.  
 How bitter that must sound to a retired woodcutter at Amerongen!

But the surest sign of spring that we know is when the medicine-man banjos begin again on South street, and the barber stands at the front door expounding the virtue of bladderwort pills.

The following piteous outburst is placarded outside a saloon:  
 Do not ask what WE are going to do after July first.  
 BUT what in the name of God and your Loss of Liberty  
 Are YOU going to do?  
 The answer is, Without.

Mr. Lodge seems to have chosen the path of least consistence.

In response to many appeals we are happy to reprint a poem by Charley Towne, the sweet singer of Manhattan, which appeared some time ago in the Smart Set. It is to be included in Charley's new book of poems, the title of which we don't know.

On Seeing a Nun in a Taxicab  
 Little sister, did you know,  
 When I saw you through the glass of the cab,  
 That your life held as great contrasts  
 As the lives of deposed kings and czars?  
 One moment, a lonely cell;  
 Then this sudden projection into flaming Fifth avenue!  
 How strange the streets must have seemed to you,  
 Little white sister, sitting there so still!

I was in a 'bus,  
 And at Forty-second street the traffic halted us,  
 Side by side, and I could almost have touched you.  
 I peered into your privacy,  
 Like the fool that I was,  
 And I felt ashamed of myself  
 When I saw in your hands a rosary;  
 Your lips were moving,  
 And I turned away.

When you reached your destination,  
 I still wonder, unworried little sister,  
 If you realized that even you  
 Were expected to tip the chauffeur!

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

The pedestrian loitering thoughtfully toward his rooftop desk finds a baker's truck backed up against the stage entrance of a Chestnut street automat and three or four energetic hirelings passing in trays of fragrant oyster pies, beef pies, cinnamon buns, chocolate eclairs and all the attractive pastries that make their way to the little nickel-slotted glass windows. A colored hunchman pulls them out from the racks in the truck with a long, shining, hooked rod; another seizes the tray as it emerges and passes it to a busy Jugo-Slav standing in the doorway; he in turn forwards the tray to a hustling charwoman in a blue apron, who passes it inward toward the ultimate consumer. The humorist and his assistant were passing them out too fast for the Jugo-Slav and a couple of trays of steaming beef pies had got sidetracked and were lying in the cold air.

"Grab up dem beef pies, bo!" cried the artist with the long rod; "don't let dem

**A QUEER WORLD**

THIS a funny world we live in  
 If we will but stop and think.  
 How everything is mixed up,  
 And so much is on the "blind."  
 Humanity is bubbling o'er  
 With too much of selfishness,  
 And most everybody's trying  
 Just to "do somebody else."

The "survival of the fittest"  
 Seems to be the law of life,  
 The intensity of struggle  
 Marks the conflict and the strife.  
 There's far too little charity,  
 And too much of savagery,  
 While on the most important issues  
 Men are falling to agree.

'Tis a seething, boiling caldron  
 With the fires of human greed,  
 Just "red hot" with competitions  
 That on fiercest passions feed.  
 The masses only know and care  
 For individual gain,  
 And exemplify the spirit  
 Of an "Abel's brother Cain."

Though the struggle may be silent  
 Yet it's marked with rancor, hate,  
 The race for riches grows in speed  
 At a most alarming rate;  
 But after all is said and done  
 And the story has been told,  
 We do not think it's any worse  
 Than the "good old days of old."  
 —Augustus Treadwell, in the Brooklyn Times.

Ma on the Job  
 "PA," said little Willie, "what's an echo?"  
 "An echo, my son," answered pa,  
 casting a mean side glance at little Willie's ma, "is the only thing on earth that can cheat a woman out of the last word."  
 "Another definition of an echo, Willie," observed ma, "is a man who goes to old patent medicine almanacs for his alleged wit."  
 And then nobody said any more words but Willie, whose infant mind was naturally confused by all this persiflage.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**WHAT DO YOU KNOW?**

- QUIZ**
- How often is the number of Congressmen to which each state is entitled in the House of Representatives subject to revision?
  - What is the origin of the word "ouija"?
  - Where is the Isle of Man?
  - What is meant by a deal table?
  - What is chervil?
  - What is hexameter verse?
  - Why is a nightingale sometimes called Philomel?
  - Who was Malibran?
  - What Roman god is commemorated in the name of the present month?
  - Which is the "Bear State"?
- Answers to Saturday's Quiz**
- John Tyler, tenth President of the United States, was married twice and had fourteen children.
  - "The ship had pratique" means that it was granted a clean bill of health and could enter port. Pratique is the license to hold intercourse with a port, granted after the ship has passed quarantine.
  - Dolomite is a kind of rock composed of a double carbonate of lime and magnesia and often fantastically shaped, as in the Tyrolean mountain range, known as the Dolomites.
  - Reynard is the personal name for a fox.
  - Sao Paulo is the second largest city in Brazil.
  - A proa is a kind of boat used by the Malays in the East Indies.
  - Spain was a republic from 1873 to 1876.
  - Sixteen drams make an ounce in avoirdupois weight.
  - Mexico, in Spanish should be pronounced as though spelled "May-hee-co," with the accent on the first syllable. The usual modern spelling of the word in Spanish is Mexico, but the value of the "j" and the "x" is the same.
  - Admiral Nilback was in command of the United States fleet in the Mediterranean during the war.

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